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ORIGINAL.

For the Pearl.

A NIGHT IN AUTUMN.

The stars are burning beautiful; the blue
Sky spreads in glory round them, like a sea
Shoreless and vast; and see, the moon bursts through
The clouds that darken'd her divinity.
Oh Night! Oh Autumn! ye are lovely twins:
Lovely and lonely as a poet's dream,
When far from folly's haunts he woos and wins
The Muses by some sweet sequester'd stream.
And hark those plaintive notes! Fond Philomel,
Of Tereus' treacheries thy tragic tale
Warbles so wildly from its vocal cell,
That I could weep o'er thine and Procne's pain
Till all yon weary watchers waxen pale,
And proud Hyperion rise to glad the earth again. M.

[NOTE TO THE ABOVE LINES.—Philomela was daughter of a King of Athens, and was transformed into a nightingale. Her sister Procne (or Progne) was married to a Thracian Prince, Tereus. On visiting Athens some years after, Tereus brought Philomela with him. On the way he violated her person, and to conceal his crime cut out her tongue. She communicated it to her sister by means of embroidery. In revenge they killed the son of Tereus. He pursued them, and the gods changed one into a nightingale and the other into a swallow: So says Grecian fable.—ED. PEARL.]

For the Pearl.

A LEGEND.

"Nine tailors make a man."

Disparaging epithets have frequently been applied, unwarrantably, to persons and things. Accidental circumstances, imaginary characteristics, or malicious wit, may cause the evil, without the slightest regard being paid to the justness of the application, or the consequences. Some of these verbal inflictions take hold, and continue,—if an individual be the object, during life,—if a class, during many generations:—others have but a very brief adhesive power, or drop without striking, and become innocuous and are forgotten,—like filth cast at an innocent object, which, falling short, only soils the assailant.

The adage, *nine tailors make a man*, is a specimen of that class of sayings, which, being intended for ridicule, attach to their objects, and perpetrate injury and injustice. There can be no doubt of its injustice,—for what reader does not recollect some of the abused fraternity, who, as far as physical manliness goes, could dress the jackets, off hand, mauley for mauley, of ninety-nine in every hundred, of the things which most use the sneer,—and whose moral manliness equals, at least, that of the general run of men—not excluding even the more belligerent classes,—soldiers, sailors, lawyers and divines?

A little legend gives a pleasing account, of the origin of the adage above mentioned. Its repetition may afford some instruction and amusement,—so, if my readers imagine themselves in a Café at Constantinople, and suppose the writer to be a somewhat indifferent story teller,—and will, in fancy, light their pipes, and sip their coffee, I will proceed.

About, perhaps, a century ago—before gas-lights banished darkness from London, and the New Police annihilated street robberies,—when it required some bravery to dare the perils of Long Alley after night-fall,—and when link boys lighted elderly epicureans from tavern to tavern, disturbing snoring Dogberries by the comet-like gleams of their torches,—about a century ago, a Tailor's shop enlivened the lower flat of a house in Wardour Street. Nine journeymen, of this most antient body civic, made the premises vocal, with jest and laugh and story and song,—and mayhap, at times, with a political discussion,—thus relieving the monotony of their handicraft. The latter recreation, however, was not favorable to their productiveness. The holder-forth on William or Ann, or Marlborough's victories, or the Protestant Succession, was apt to suit the twitch of his silk, energetically, to the thread of his subject,—and the tension, in these parts, but ill accorded with the lax stitches, which were perpetrated when he had to listen to the tangled argument of an opponent. Not only did irregular seams result from these state affairs, but the progress of a garment was often altogether suspended, while the needle marked out the progress and positions of armies, and thimbles represented strong castles on the continent. A long ballad, with a cheerless measure, and a po-

pular chorus, made the circle work most steadily,—and never did "four and twenty fiddlers all in a row," exhibit better time, to as good purpose, as did the throats and elbows of the nine tailors, when an appropriate subject and a judicious leader made them pull together. A long story, also, made all go on smoothly,—and while one recounted the hair-breadth escapes of some knight of the road, or the magical adventures of some Arabian princess, he and his fellows, wrapped in the fairy mantle of the imagination, plied their implements instinctively and continuedly, forming the dignity of fops, stitch by stitch—as the coral insects build up islands, by most tiny contributions.

Hail Poetry and Music,—divine power of song! Not to the dweller in palaces only, art thou a solace,—but the humblest artisan may glow with thy inspirations. The sister art, Painting, also visits the lowly. Are not the gay devices of George and the Dragon, and the Gentle Shepherd, and the Returning Soldier, prepared in vermilion and azure, and yellow ochre, for their benefit? While "imagees," tinted with brighter hues than those of Michael Angelo, may be translated from the board of the itinerant Italian, to dignify the crockery of the meanest shelf.

The nine Tailors of Wardour Street, one bleak winter afternoon, were sewing away, and singing, lustily, of the achievements of bold Robin Hood. As the lay waxed loud and long, the fun and frays of the green-wood seemed to animate the motley "shop-board," until that also became a field of chivalry, one on which, to use a modern phrase, each man "exhibited his claim to spirit and bottom." In the midst of this melody a rapping at the door was heard. Still the song and the seam continued. Again the intruder sought admittance; but the leader of the band only raised his voice the louder, and gave more emphasis to the turns of the tune, resolved that he would not be disturbed in the middle of a bar:

"Then Robin drew his gallant blade,
Made of the trusty steel;
But the tinker he laid on so fast,
That he made Robin reel."

As the stanza ended, the merry strain ceased, and "Come in" was vociferated in a tone which might make the famous archer himself anticipate burly treatment. The latch was raised, and a very different personage from deer-stalking Robin, appeared before the gazing artisans.

A pale, delicately formed, handsome boy, clad in the habiliments of extreme poverty, and shivering in the season's blast, looked up supplicatingly to the men. "What dost want, urchin?" said one of the disturbed singers, frowning on the child,—“Get along, there's nothing for thee here.” “Gently, Strap,” said another, “thou talkest as boldly, eye and bolder, than the Tinker did to Robin Hood. Thou'lt frighten thy own goose if thou alterest thy natural voice so.—Well, little man, thou lookest cold poor thing,—go to the fire and warm thee, and say what's the matter that thou art not housed this bleak evening.” “I want something to do,” said the boy, “I am hungry, and would work hard for my food.” “Well said!” ejaculated another of the tuneful nine, “what canst thou do?” “I can carry loads, or go of errands, or if I had anything to sell, I think I could do that as well as the Jew boys.” “Where's thy father and mother?” “In the cold grave, masters, or I would not be thus. You will make them rest in peace if you help their poor orphan. They cared nothing about themselves when dying, I am told, thinking of me: ‘Geordie,’ said they, ‘work for your bread like an honest man, if you desire the blessing of heaven, or the repose of your parents' souls.’” “Good advice, in sooth,” said one of the men; “where dost thou live?” “In truth, just where I stand, I have no home; I worked for a lodging, but I am penniless to-night, and have no kin to give me shelter for nought.” “A sad story, a sad story,” was the remark to this appeal,—“but, you see we have no room for apprentices here,—and the good woman of the house does our attendance.” “Thank you for gentle words, masters, I can expect no more, and must go farther with my services.” “Not so fast either,” said another of Geordie's auditors,—“step into the next room, and tell Mother Warp that Sam Point wishes thee to have a seat by her fire, and a hearty supper.” Geordie did as desired, while a glow of cheerful gratitude helped to dissipate the careworn expression which evidently had become habitual to his comely features. When the door closed on his gentle figure, and his pale handsome face no longer pleaded his cause, nor his matted brown locks told of the want of a mother's hand, the men looked, consultingly, at each other. “I tell you what, my chums,” said Point, “here are nine of us, let us join stock and keep the pretty orphan.” “Agreed” said one. “How,” enquired another,

“whose boy shall he be, he can't sag for all?” “Listen to my plan,” said Point; “I don't want to keep him as a ‘turnspit’ about the chimney corner,—let us set up the little man in his own line. He wants to sew up the Jew boys, you see, and if I mistake not fortune will cut out a good seat of work for him yet. A thought strikes me by which we can set him up and save money too. Instead of taking our Greenwich spree next Monday, let us club our half crowns to give Geordie a fit out. The day's work will then be so much clear gain, and the sight of the happy orphan will be better than a peep at Queen Bess's Hospital.” “But,” said Strap, “List has engaged Sally Hanks to go with him, and Selvo is to bring Margaret Hemly, what will the lass say?” “I would think but little of the lasses,” said Point, “if they did not say, ‘Well done,’ and like the lads all the better for acting a fatherly part before the law obliged them to do so.” “I can answer for Sall,” said List, “the girl has the heart of a Queen.” “And I,” said Selvo, “can argue Madge into good temper, I have no doubt. The urchin must not be turned out to starve, to-night; and, as Point says, he promises well.” “But,” said Gusset, “should we not apply to the parish for some assistance?” “Parish!” answered Point, “to have the pretty youth made the starved drudge of an iron-hearted Bandle?—No, I will subscribe two men's shares myself, rather than lose the pleasure of helping the lad. Heaven has thrown him in our way, for good luck. There are nine of us, let us make a man of him.”

The generous advice was successful. Geordie's patrons joined their holiday mites,—got up some comfortable garments,—bought a basket,—stocked it with oranges, nuts, threads, pencils, quills, and a heterogeneous variety of small wares,—and sent him out to begin the world for himself. He commenced his commercial life as independent and happy as a prince,—and much more grateful to those whose contributions made his wealth, than potentates generally are.

Geordie returned, each evening, to his shelter beside the shop-board, looking at the vacancies in his store, occasioned by the day's sales, and listening to the jingle of his receipts, with supreme satisfaction. The merchant who beholds his argosy ride safely into harbour, after a successful voyage, did not feel so rich and happy as the orphan, on such occasions,—and his anticipations of the teeming future were more vivid and exhilarating than ever fall to the lot of “hoary old.” Man is taught, by experience, that Hope is, generally, a syren, beautiful but fallacious,—and to be listened to with great caution and many deductions; but the boy trusts and loves, ardently, and he would disregard, as silly and splenetic, the warnings of a Mentor.

The happiness of Geordie was scarcely greater than that of his patrons. They looked with pride on the smart little merchant,—felt a generous glow in giving him their protection, and were delighted by his good conduct, and by the complacent feelings which worthy actions inspired.

The little adventurer was not without some drawbacks on his felicity. One evening he emerged from St. Ann's Court, with the wreck of his basket in his hand, his clothes torn, and large tears coursing down his rueful countenance. A sad disaster had befallen him,—and at times he paused irresolute, clenched his little fist, and seemed inclined to retrace his steps;—but, again turning towards his home, he hurried eagerly forward, as if redress lay only in that direction. At this juncture, who should appear in view but Peter Serge; one of the gayest of the nine who watched over Geordie's fortunes,—and one who, Geordie well knew, would think but little of dashing into any contest which should excite his feelings. Never did disabled cutter run more gladly under the protecting guns of a friendly line-of-battle ship,—never did Grecian or Trojan hero seek more eagerly the aid of some Olympian divinity,—than did Geordie hasten to his gallant friend. He rushed to Peter, and holding up the wreck of his basket, and looking at him with his tearful eyes, related, quickly as his agitation would allow him, how he had been ill-used by a pedlar Jew lad, who was encouraged and protected in his aggression, by Bully Isaacs—a well known character about sporting houses in that part of Westminster. “If I had fair play, Peter,” said Geordie, “I would have double-milled the rascal; but Isaacs hustled me while the other used his fives right and left,—and worse than that, destroyed my wares and basket.” Peter enquired eagerly which way they had gone, and intimating his willingness to have a “turn up” with Isaacs, he and the orphan went rapidly after the aggressors. On entering Soho Square, Isaacs and the young bump were seen skulking about a music-store, in that retired area. Isaacs was about Peter's weight, but the good proportions of the tailor, the free play of his limbs, and the resolute